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Micro Fiction (209 Words)

Neon Clown

The clown dressed completely enclosed except for his legs, in a super multicolored electrically lighted cake and with a very long unplugged power cord that trailed half a block behind him. Occasionally the clown would exit the cake and dance on the streets. Looking for tips of course, but doing so in a manner that was much like an aggravated Al Jolson meets Tim Curry...in bovver boots, no less. Quite theatrical, with the clown's remaining attire largely gothic and Victoria, highly painted with lightning rainbows, fruit shades and hues, asymmetric stripes. Once his act was done, the clown would walk around his gathered and subdued crowd of whatever size and "barker"-style his request for sympathetic donations in paper currency, only. No coins! Indeed, he insisted metal coins were rituals from Aleister Crowley or perhaps Anton LaVey, which was of course just a ruse of a claim since the clown merely wanted higher pay and something easier to hide in his insanely striped knickers. When finished with his dances and beggings, back into the cake sculpture thing the clown would go. And as clowns do, he never had a name. But he seemed to know each of his followers, though no one really knew how he knew anything at all.

End.